

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

June 1921.

Price TWOPENCE Net.



A Jolly Expedition.

T. NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Nelson Children's Joy Books



See the back page of the cover
for details of this charming
new series.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

TWO MOST POPULAR SERIES OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

"SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN" SERIES

19 Titles. Cloth, 4s. net each.

"THE CHILDREN'S HEROES"

14 Titles. Cloth, 2s. net each.

Bold Type. Beautiful Illustrations.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, LTD.,
London and Edinburgh.

Favourites Always.

"Told to the Children" Series.

CLOTH, 2s. NET.

Stories from Chaucer.
Stories from the Faerie Queene.
Little Plays.
The Rose and the Ring.
Tanglewood Tales.
Stories from Grimm.
Æsop's Fables.
Stories from the Iliad.
Simple Susan.
Stories from Wagner.
Gulliver's Travels.
Nursery Rhymes.
Stories of William Tell.
Stories from the Odyssey.

The Heroes.
Stories of King Arthur's Knights.
Robinson Crusoe.
Stories from the Arabian Nights.
Stories from the Life of Christ.
Stories from Shakespeare.
The Pilgrim's Progress.
Undine.
Nursery Tales.
Stories of Robin Hood.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.
The Water Babies.
Old Testament Stories.
Stories from Don Quixote.

BOLD TYPE. SIMPLE LANGUAGE. BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



RICHARD THE FIRST AND ROBIN HOOD. (*See p. 114.*)

(*From the picture by T. H. Robinson.*)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

A Pound of Ginger Snaps.

IF it had not been ironing day, there never would have been this story to tell.

But then it *was* ironing day, so it is of no use to say anything about that.

Trotty was sitting on the ironing table, too.

Trotty felt the responsibilities of ironing day. Nobody knows how he felt them. The labours of his mother and Biddy were nothing in comparison. In the first place, there were his "pocky-hankychers" to be ironed. Oh, those poor little pocky-hankychers! He used to crawl up behind the clothes-basket, and pull them out of his pockets (Trotty had two pockets) one by one till he came to the end, and there were always *at least* three or four. Such a sight as they were! All rolled up, and twisted up, and tied up, and squeezed up; and as for the colour—Well, Trotty picked all his dandelions, and all his blackberries, and all his buttercups in them; watered his flowers, fed his chickens, brushed his shoes, and made his mud-pies with them: so perhaps you can have some idea of the colour. I don't believe you can, though. Nothing would do but that Biddy must heat his little iron—it wasn't much larger than a tablespoon, nor hotter than fresh milk—and let him iron every one of those handkerchiefs to his entire satisfaction. A washed one, fresh from the pile on the window-sill, did not answer the purpose at all.

Then he must always have his shoe-strings pressed out.

Then there was Kafoozlelem. Kafoozlelem must, I think, have been remotely connected with the Flathead Indians, though he was in skin an Ethiopian, and in temper quite harmless. Compounded from one of grandmother's ravelled stockings, Lill's old black silk apron, and the cotton-wool bag, Kafoozlelem possessed, in the beginning, an ample supply of brains; but Trotty bored a gimlet hole in the top of his head one day and pulled them out. Kafoozlelem, however, did not appear to suffer seriously from this treatment, and the little black silk bag which was left answered the purpose of a head to him quite as well as some fuller ones have done in the course of this world's history. The only inconvenience about it was the slight one of having your face lop down on your neck whenever anybody shook you a little. Kafoozlelem felt it quite a comfort to be flattened out.

So Trotty ironed him every Tuesday afternoon.

On this afternoon he had finished the handkerchiefs and the shoe-strings, and was ready to devote all his energies to Kafoozlelem, when Biddy dropped her flat-iron and jumped.

"Ow!" said Trotty; for the iron fell plump upon Kafoozlelem's face, and scorched it to a delicate smoky brown from forehead to chin. Kafoozlelem bore it manfully, and did not so much as wink. Trotty compassionately stuck him head first into the sprinkling-bowl, and left him there to cool.

"Shure an' it's the baker goin' up the street," said Biddy, running to the



window. "There's not a crumb of cake in the house for supper the night, an' it's your mother as told me to stop him, bless my soul! Rin out now, Trotty, and holler affther him; there's a good boy!"

Trotty, never loath to "rin out and holler" for any cause, prepared to obey; but the baker's cart had turned the corner, and the jingling of his bells was growing faint. Biddy went to report to her mistress, and Trotty, having hung Kafoozlelem on the door-latch by his head, trotted along after her to find out what was going to happen.

"Well," said his mother, "there is no way now but to send to the grocer for some ginger snaps."

Trotty beat a soft retreat. But his shoes squeaked—Trotty's shoes always *did* squeak—so everybody heard him.

"Come, Trotty!"

"Oh, I don't want to," said Trotty briskly, backing off.

"But mother wants you to. Come! see how quick you can be. You wouldn't want to go without anything for supper, you know."

"Biddy can bake me some cake. I should like to know if that isn't what God made her for!" said Trotty with decision.

"No; Biddy can't bake cakes on ironing days; she has too much else to do. Now, which would you rather do—go without the ginger snaps, or go to the grocer?"

"Have Lill go," said Trotty, looking bright.

As Trotty's mother had a habit of meaning what she said, Lill did not

go, and Trotty did. He jammed his little straw hat over his curls in a melancholy manner, hind side in front, with the blue ribbons hanging down into his eyes, took Kafoozlelem down from the door-latch, looked unutterable things at Biddy, slammed the door severely, and trudged away through the dust to call for Dick, talking impressively to himself. "Now, I don't care. She needn't have went and made me get her old ginger—"

"One pound, remember!" called his mother from the house; "and you and Dick have *one* apiece."

Trotty's spirits rose. He called Dick out and told him about that; and Dick said that it was "jolly," and Trotty thought so too. On the whole, he began to be very glad that he was not at home ironing Kafoozlelem. Kafoozlelem himself seemed to be quite of the opinion that he had had ironing enough for one week; what with the scorching, and the drowning, and the hanging, he was in rather a depressed state of mind. Thinking to encourage him, Trotty carried him by the head awhile.

It took Trotty and Dick a long time to go to the grocer's. It never took Trotty and Dick anything but a long time to go anywhere. They dug wells in every sandbank, and sailed chips on every mud-puddle, and knocked the stones off from every wall, and covered themselves with pitch on every wood-pile, and made friends with every kitty, and ran away from every puppy, and picked *every* dandelion that they came across—to say nothing of Kafoozlelem; for Kafoozlelem could be an

elephant, and Kafoozlelem could be a mouse, and Kafoozlelem excelled in the character of a horse-car or a steam-boat. Kafoozlelem was unequalled as a telegraph wire and a fish hook; he could be buried, could be married, could be a minister, and an apple pie; made such a Daniel in the den of lions that the lions never would have known the difference; and in the capacity of Jack the Giant-Killer has never been thought, by more impartial minds than Trotty's, to have a rival.

Much to Kafoozlelem's relief they came to the grocer's at last, and Trotty climbed the steps and stood on tiptoe, so that the end of his nose and the top of his curls just showed above the counter, and hammered away for a while with his little brown fists till the grocer heard him. *How* he opened his eyes and mouth while the grocer's boy weighed out a pound of brown, round, crisp, fresh, sweet ginger snaps!

"O my!" said Dick.

"Wait a minute," said Trotty; "mother told me to sharge 'em."

So Trotty took the ginger snaps and waited about; and the grocer's boy was busy and did not notice him.

"What does it mean to have 'em charged?" asked Dick in a hungry whisper, after they had walked drearily about the shop for five minutes. Trotty shook his head. He had an idea of his own—I'm sure I don't know how he came by it—that he was to carry home a paper with something written on it, and that the grocer was to write it for him; but he did not feel quite sure, and did not dare to ask. So he and Dick walked up and down, and

began to feel very hungry and very homesick.

"Hulloa!" said the grocer presently; "why, what's the matter?"

"Mother wants 'em sharged," said Trotty, half ready to cry, but looking as important as he knew how.

"Oh," said the grocer, "they're all 'sharged' long ago. Run along!" Trotty ran along in some perplexity. He had a vague impression that either he or the grocer had made a mistake, but I doubt whether he knows which to this day.

Out again in the sunlight and the yellow dust, among the stones and the dandelions, he and Dick opened the bag.

Think of it—a pound of ginger snaps, and nobody to be seen along the road and lanes but Trotty and Dick! Nobody to look on all the way home, and nothing but ginger snaps away down to the bottom of that big paper bag! Oh, you great grown-up people who talk about "temptations," think of it!

"J—j—j—est look a there!" stammered excited Dick, hardly able to put one word straight after the other; for Dick did not have a ginger snap very often.

"Mother said I might have one, and you might have one, an' we might bof of us have one," said Trotty graciously. So he put in his dainty, dimpled fingers, and felt all about till he found the largest two ginger snaps in the brown bag.

Oh, well, to think how they tasted! Trotty nibbled his up in little bites about as big as a canary's, and felt



the sunshine all about, and heard a blackbird singing as she hopped along the wall, and wondered in his secret heart—though this he did not say to Dick—whether there would be any grocer up in heaven; if he would keep ginger snaps; if you go down there some afternoon, and just eat all you wanted.

By-and-by the ginger snap was all nibbled away.

"Oh, see here!" said Trotty abstractedly; "don't you wish peoples hadn't any mammas, Dick?"

"Let's look in and see if they're all safe, you know," suggested Dick, after some thought.

Trotty opened the bag in a vague way and peeped in.

"I'd like to look and see how safe they are," said Dick. So Dick looked to see how safe they were.

"Wonder if there's a hundred of 'em," observed Dick, putting just the tips of his fingers over just the edge of the bag.

"Oh, I guess there's more'n that; there's as many as fifteen, I shouldn't wonder," said Trotty.

Presently he opened the bag again, and took out two more ginger snaps.

"I don't b'lieve she'd care if we had *two* ones, Dick."

"That must 'a' been what she meant," exclaimed Dick.

But something was the matter with that ginger snap; Trotty thought that it did not taste as good as the other.

"I guess this one'll taste better; you see. Free isn't a great many more'n one; is it, Dick?"

Dick felt positive on that point;

he didn't think that four were a great many more either.

"Look here," said Trotty, after a while, "I'm glad mamma isn't God."

"Why?" asked Dick.

"'Cause then she'd just have to be round everywhere looking on."

The blackbird had stopped singing, and the sunshine ran away as fast as it could, to hide behind a cloud.

"Where's Trotty?" asked everybody when supper-time came; for nobody ever knew Trotty to fail of being at hand at supper-time.

"Trotty, Trotty! Trotty Tyrol! Kitty Clover! Little Pink Dai-sy! Trotty Teaser!"

Lill went up stairs and down, shouting a few dozen of Trotty's names—to tell you all the names that Trotty had would take a separate chapter.

Lill looked in the attic; she looked in the cellar; she searched the garden; she peered under the beds.

"Why, what *has* become of the child?"

"I'll look myself," said his mother, coming up. "Trotty!"

"Yes'um!" said Trotty, faintly, from somewhere. And where do you suppose it was? His mother came into the passage by the linen closet, and went up to the tall clothes-basket that stood in the corner and peeped in. There sat Trotty all curled up on a little heap at the bottom, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"Couldn't get out," said Trotty meekly, looking up from the depths.

"But what did you get *in* for?"

"Oh, I was a fish, and fell down the

well, I guess," said Trotty, stopping to think. "Don't want any supper. I think you must be hungry, mamma; you'd better go down, you know."

But mamma did not know. She fished him out somewhat gravely, and put him down upon the floor.

"We are all at supper now, and waiting for Trotty. Where are the ginger snaps? Did you forget them?"

"No, 'um."

"Well, show me where they are. Come, dear."

But Trotty hung back. They were "in the shina closet," he said, on the lowest shelf.

So somebody went to the "shina closet." There on the shelf lay a little, a very little, roll of brown paper. It had been a bag once; it was torn now, and twisted up.

They brought it to Trotty's mother, and she opened it.

Just five ginger snaps! Everybody looked at everybody else.

"They've eaten—why, did you ever in all your life?—*they've eaten A POUND!*"

Lill laughed till the tears came; grandmother said they would die before morning; mamma went sadly upstairs, and found her little fish sitting on the floor beside his well, head hanging and dimple gone.

She took him up in her arms and looked at him.

Trotty lifted his great yellow eyelashes just enough to peep through and get an idea of the state of affairs; then dropped them down—down.

"Trotty, where are the rest of mother's ginger snaps?"

"The grocer's pounds ain't—well, they ain't so big as they used to be," said Trotty, twisting his fingers into each other. "Sumfin's the matter with his weighing-thing, I guess."

"No, Trotty; the grocer gave you a great many more than you have brought home, and somebody has eaten the rest. Was it Trotty and Dick?"

"Me and Dick, we ate free," said Trotty, very low.

"Only three? But who ate the rest, Trotty?"

"Kafoozlelem!" said Trotty, after some consideration.

"Very well; whoever ate the ginger snaps can't go downstairs any more to-night, but must go to bed and stay alone. Shall I put Kafoozlelem to bed?"

Trotty opened his eyes rather wide, but said nothing. His mother put Kafoozlelem into Trotty's bed, and covered him up and tucked him in; Kafoozlelem folded his head quite over on the counterpane for shame and sorrow.

"Oh, see here!" said Trotty, with a little jump. "It—it wasn't Kafoozlelem either."

Trotty cried himself to sleep that night. But before he cried himself to sleep his mother came up with a jug of milk and sat down on the bed. She looked very sober and said nothing, nor did she kiss him.

"Mamma!" faltered Trotty presently.

"What?"

"Trotty!"

Why, you would have thought his

little heart was broken! He had never spent ten unnoticed, unpetted minutes in all his life; and I suppose he had settled it in his wretched little thoughts that he never was going to be noticed or petted or kissed or forgiven.

"Too bad," moaned Trotty; "oh, it's too bad."

So he crept up into his mother's arms—he looked like a little tinted statue, with his nightgown and bare feet and wet curls and grieving red mouth—and they talked it all over.

"Will I die?" asked he by-and-by, very sorry and a little frightened.

Oh no, not now, his mother hoped; but she was afraid he would be sick to-morrow. Indeed, she had sent Lill to ask the doctor to step in a moment on his evening rounds; though that she did not tell Trotty.

Trotty called her back after she had started to go downstairs, and wanted to know "which would be died first—me or you or Kafoozlelem?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall die first; I am the oldest. Come, Trotty, go to sleep now; it is very late."

"A pound of ginger snaps! a pound of ginger snaps!" repeated grandmother at intervals throughout the evening. "He certainly will die before morning."

Trotty did not, however, die before morning. And what is more—I do not expect to be believed, but it is true—they never hurt him a bit.

GREAT works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.

DR. JOHNSON.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER VI.

PARABLES, OR STORIES.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

EVERY one loves stories, and Jesus, as He taught the people, knew this. So He often wrapped up some special lesson in the form of a story, and hid the beautiful truth deep in its heart. Only those who looked carefully and listened with their hearts as well as their ears found the hidden meaning of these stories, or parables as they are called.

It was not the learned and the rich who crowded round most eagerly to listen to the Master's stories. It was to the poor, weary, toilworn people that Jesus loved to speak His comforting words. Many of these people were not at all good; but that was just the reason why they wanted help, and needed to be taught to live a whiter, purer life.

It was once when He was among a crowd of these poor, sinful people, who were listening with eager, wistful faces to His words of kindness and hope, that He told the story of the Prodigal Son.

"There was once a father who had two sons," the story began. The elder was hard-working, steady, and obedient—one who never gave his father any trouble, but always did his duty. But the younger was a headstrong, difficult boy, idle and self-willed, fond of pleasure, and determined to have his own way. He did not

want to work and earn his own living ; he thought he had a perfect right to the money which belonged to his father.

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," he said one day. He could not even wait until at his father's death he would receive his share. No, he wanted it now, and he did not stop to think how such a request must hurt his kind father.

The father knew that it was no use telling him how foolish and wrong he was. The headstrong, selfish boy must learn that lesson another way. So he quietly divided all his money, and gave the younger son his share.

There was nothing now to keep the boy at home. His home and his father meant nothing to him compared with pleasure and adventure. So he set off on a long journey to a far-away country, carrying his money with him.

At first everything was as delightful as he could wish. He had nothing to do from morning till night but to plan how he could best enjoy himself. The companions who gathered round him were ready to flatter him and help him spend his money. The flowery path of pleasure was very pleasant to tread.

But by-and-by everything changed. The gay banquets, the riot of delights, came to an end. All his money was spent. All his friends, as they had called themselves, left him. They had no longer any use for him when he had nothing more to give them.

There he was, all alone, a stranger in a strange land. And how was he to live ? He had never learned to do skilled work, and it was not easy to

begin to earn his living now. There was a great famine, too, in the land, and food was very scarce. Day by day things grew darker and darker. And at last he was so hungry and so poor that he was thankful to hire himself out as a swineherd and go into the fields to feed pigs. The wages for that kind of work were very small, not nearly enough to buy him his



daily bread ; and often as he watched the pigs grubbing amongst their food he was hungry enough to envy them, and to wish he could have a share of the husks upon which they fed.

Thoughts of home now began to haunt him. How kind and patient his father had been ! What a comfortable, happy place home seemed, looking back upon it now ! The very

servants there were better fed, and not so hard-worked as he was.

And then suddenly one day, when these thoughts were crowding in upon him, he saw quite clearly, as if by a sudden flash of light, how wrong and foolish he had been from the very beginning. Out there in the fields, while the pigs grunted and fed around him and there was no one to listen to him, he cried out loud the new thought that had come into his mind: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants."

It was not an easy thing to go humbly back, to say he had been wrong and ask forgiveness; but it was the only way. And day by day the longing to see his father, and to tell him how sorry he was, grew stronger and stronger. He was ready to suffer any punishment, if only he might live at home again.

It was a long journey, but at last the poor, hungry, ragged boy came within sight of home. It was time now to take his courage in both hands, and go to meet his father.

But while he was still a long way off his father saw him. Perhaps he had been watching for that return, feeling sure that some day his boy would come back. He did not wait now for him to come humbly to the door. His heart was so full of pity and love that he ran out to meet him, and before the boy could say a word his father's arms were round him, and he felt his father's kiss of forgiveness and welcome.

"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." The words came from the boy's trembling lips. He was more ashamed now than ever. But the father did not even talk of forgiveness; that was too well understood.

"Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him," he commanded the servants; "and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

So there were feasting and rejoicing, and only the elder brother was vexed and angry. He did not like to see his wasteful, undutiful brother welcomed back into the home; he thought he deserved to be punished, and that the reward should have been given to the one who had stayed at home and done his duty.

Looking round upon the listening faces, Jesus, as He finished the story, saw many of His Father's poor, sinful children, who had been just as wicked and foolish as that younger son. He longed for them to know that their Father in heaven was as pitiful and ready to forgive them as was the father in the story, even though the self-righteous scribes and Pharisees would have them punished as they deserved.

(To be continued.)

How would you take one away from nineteen and leave twenty?

(Answer on p. 115.)

Christian and the Lions.

NEARLY three hundred years ago, John Bunyan, whilst imprisoned in Bedford jail, wrote his famous book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which all boys and girls should read. It is one of the best and wisest books to be found in the whole world.

In *The Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan tells of the trials and troubles that beset all who try to fight against evil and do good. He says that a good life is like a long journey from the City of Death to the Holy City of God.

So, in order to tell us how to fight evil and live the good life, he recounts the dangers that a good man—Christian by name—encountered in escaping from the City of Death to the Holy City.

I shall tell you now how Christian escaped from the lions after he had climbed up the Hill of Difficulty.

"Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him again; the name of the one was Timorous, and the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter, that you run the wrong way?'

"Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place. 'But,' said he, 'the farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.'

"'Yes,' said Mistrust, 'for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think if we came within reach but they would presently pull us to pieces.'

"'Then,' said Christian, 'you make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, I shall certainly perish there. I must venture: to go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward.'

"So Mistrust and Timorous ran back again down the Hill of Difficulty, and Christian went on his way. But he soon turned back again, for he found that he had lost a precious roll of writing, and he was bound to find this before going on his way.

"When, at length, Christian had found his roll, night was coming on, and the way was therefore more difficult and more dangerous. He bemoaned his carelessness, but still went on until he had again climbed up the Hill of Difficulty.

"Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, 'These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I escape being by them torn in pieces?'

"Then he went on his way. But while he was thus bemoaning his unhappy lot, he lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

"So he made haste and went forward, that, if possible, he might get lodgings there.

"Now, before he had gone far, he

entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong from the porter's lodge.

"Then he was afraid, and thought also to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him.

"Looking very narrowly before him



as he went, he espied two lions in the way.

"‘Now,’ thought he, ‘I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by.’ (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.)

"But the porter of the lodge, whose name was Watchful, seeing that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried out unto him, saying, ‘Is thy strength then so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained,

and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of them that have none. Keep in the middle of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.'

"Then Christian went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter. He heard the lions roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he stood before the gate where the porter was.

"Then said Christian to the porter, 'Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night?'

"The porter answered, 'This house was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief of pilgrims.'

"The porter then asked whence Christian had come and whither he was going, and was told that he was on his way from the City of Death to the Holy City, and at last he was lodged safely for the night in the palace.

"Difficulty behind, fear is before;
Though he's got up the hill, the lions roar.
A Christian man is never long at ease;
When one fight's gone, another doth him seize."

Motto for June.

*A gentle word is never lost,
Oh, never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one.*

Sent in by GORDON CLARKE,
Sumpnors Farm, Dunton, Brentwood,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

SOFT is the music that would charm
for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and
lowly. WORDSWORTH.

Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

"He clothed himself in scarlet then—
His men were all in green;
A finer show throughout the world
In no place could be seen."

ROBIN HOOD and his merry men lived a free life in the great Sherwood Forest, in the county of Nottingham. Nowadays we are often taught to look upon Robin Hood as an outlaw and a robber. Robin Hood was a robber, but he was the prince and the most gentle of robbers. He only robbed the rich and those who were hard and unjust to the poor, and what he took from them he gave to the poor. The poor people loved him, because he was not only brave and kind, but always ready to punish the proud lords who ill-treated them.

Robin Hood always wore a red dress, and his men were clad in bright green. One of his men was called Little John. He was given this name as a joke by his companions because he was very tall and stout. Another member of the band was a monk named Friar Tuck.

Robin Hood was a splendid bowman; no one could shoot straighter than he. It is said that he could split a willow wand a hundred paces away.

One day Little John met a knight in the forest. He looked very sad, and Little John asked him to come with him to Robin Hood. The knight did so, and Robin asked him why he looked so unhappy. The knight said that he had borrowed four hundred pounds from a great abbot. The abbot had de-

manded that this money should be paid back the next day. The knight also told Robin that he was at present on his way to ask the abbot for further time in which to repay the money.

Robin Hood was very sorry for the knight, and at once lent him the money to pay the abbot.

Now the abbot did not want the money; he wanted the knight's land. He sat waiting in his hall for the knight, but he was hoping that he would not come. The knight came at last. Before paying the abbot, he thought he would find out whether he was a merciful man or not; so he begged the abbot to give him time to pay.

"The abbot sternly on him looked,
And shameful names did call;
'Out, out,' he said, 'thou base, false knight;
Go, get thee from my hall!'"

Then the knight was sure that the abbot was a hard, greedy man. At once he paid the debt, and went forth singing merrily.

Some time after the abbot was riding through the forest when Robin Hood's men saw him. They seized the abbot and took him to their leader, and Robin found that he was carrying a bag full of gold. Robin took the gold from the abbot, and then let him go on his way.

Soon after the knight came to pay back the four hundred pounds which Robin had lent him. Robin, however, would not have it. "Keep it," he cried; "and take this bag of gold to add to it. It comes from the greedy abbot who tried to wrong you."

Once King Richard himself came to

take the outlaw. It is said that they fought, and that in the combat King Richard found his match. Afterwards the king made friends with him and invited Robin to his court. Robin went to court with the king, and lived there for a year. But he soon got tired of the life, and longed for the gay freedom of the greenwood once more.

An old song tells us that at last Robin Hood became very sick. He went to a house in which his aunt, who was a nun, lived, and asked her to nurse him. He was taken into the house, or nunnery as a home for nuns is called. His aunt was not kind to him, and it is said that she opened one of his veins and let him bleed to death. The song says that as soon as Robin saw how treacherously he had been treated, he summoned together all the strength he could and blew three blasts on his horn.

The well-known call reached the ears of Little John, who hastened from the adjoining forest, and forced his way into the chamber where his dying chief lay.

"Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And an arrow I'll let free;
And where that arrow is taken up,
There let my grave digged be."

So the story is told in the poem of Robin Hood's request to Little John. The bow was put in his hands, and Robin shot it through the open window; and the arrow alighted on a spot where he was soon afterwards buried.

NOTHING great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—EMERSON.

Scientific Amusements.

THE BELLOWS BLOWING HOT OR COLD.

THE blast of air from a pair of bellows bearing on the hand gives us the sensation of coolness which we may be apt to associate with the action of the bellows. The coolness, however, is due simply to the fact that the hand is at a higher temperature than the air.

of the bellows. Dip the fringe into ether or benzine or other volatile liquid, and begin to blow the apparatus. Very soon the blotting-paper will appear covered with a layer of hoar frost. This is due to the cooling effect of the evaporating ether made more active by the blast of the air, and this cooling produces the freezing of the moisture in the issuing stream of air.



But suppose we direct the blast against the bulb of a thermometer. Will the thermometer rise or fall? Guided by the false, uncorrected suggestion of our sensations, we might be disposed to say it will fall. But this is quite a mistake. When blown upon vigorously, the thermometer will rise several degrees.

And yet we may use the same bellows to form ice. Take a roll of blotting-paper, cut the one end into a fringe, and insert the other into the aperture

Golden Text for the Month.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—REVELATION ii. 10.

BE thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the
clouds away,

And tints to-morrow with prophetic
ray! BYRON.

ANSWER to conundrum on p. 110:
Take I away from XIX.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER VI.

ON her next visit to the spring, about half an hour later, she made her own experiments. It was certainly possible, she found, to mould the clayey soil up there into rude shapes. After a few attempts she became so engrossed in her occupation that she did not notice how the time flew. She was interestedly modelling a serviceable, if rather thick-looking, cup when Jim suddenly appeared over the ridge.

"Marjorie, you're *here!*" He looked quite pale. "What on earth have you been hiding yourself for?"

"Why, I've been here ever since dinner," said his companion, looking more than a little surprised. "Look here; see what I've been making! And what's the matter?"

But Jim had no eyes for her handiwork. "Matter! Nothing!" he growled. For Marjorie's sake, he hardly liked to say how anxious he had been when the child had disappeared. It had never occurred to him—stupidly enough, as he told himself—to look in the most likely place of all. Instead he had jumped to the conclusion that some misfortune had overtaken her.

After his last night's experience he would never feel satisfied about her until he had made a thorough search

of the island; and, so far, there had not been time to explore even had he ventured to suggest the necessity of such a course to Marjorie. However, another day was half gone, another night was on the way. It seemed more than likely that their rescue would not be effected yet awhile. He decided to broach the subject. "Jolly little cups," he remarked tactfully, after a pause. "But they'll have to bake; we'll see about that. Perhaps in the embers of the fire to-night."

"To-night!" Marjorie looked up. "I—I've been so busy that I'd almost forgotten. D'you think, really——"

"Look here, mate," Jim spoke decidedly, "we've got to make up our minds to another night of it, perhaps longer. There's been no boat passing, and——" He paused.

"Well?" inquired Marjorie.

"Well, look here! I've got an idea. I'm going to make a flag out of my shirt, and hoist it up here. It's the highest part of the island, the top of this ridge—except the Rock, of course. And my idea is——"

"Well?" inquired Marjorie again.

"That one of us should watch here; we could do it in turns, you know. And then if we saw a sail we could wave and shout and jolly well let them know. We might even heap up a kind of beacon here, too, and set it alight. Then, perhaps, we'd be seen. What d'you think?" Jim paused. "Oh, and that reminds me—another find. Have a guess!"

"Not bread?" asked Marjorie eagerly, the wish being father to the thought.

"No, but a peat-stack. That old chap's left us another possession of his. When I was searching for you this afternoon I found it. He'd evidently cut peats for himself, any amount—enough for a month's fires, I should say. Of course, this soil must be peaty, and——"

"I've never seen a peat-stack," said Marjorie, with disappointment in her tones. This was not much of a find, she thought.

"No, but you're going to. They'll be the very thing to keep in our fire with at night. Peat smoulders and stays in for hours; I know, because I've seen it when I've been in the Highlands before. But it wasn't for that, really, that I was so jolly glad to find them."

"Why, then?" asked his companion.

"Well, look here, kid: you'll have to have somewhere to sleep. It was fine enough last night, of course; but it may change any time, and—you wouldn't care to go and sleep in the cave?"

Marjorie gave a little cry. "The haunted cave? Jim, as if I could!"

"Well, then, I'm going to make you a little house of peats. I'd been bothering my head as to what I could make it of. Branches of trees, of course, would have been the very thing; I could have made a ripping one that way. But there aren't any trees on these little islands, and so——"

"Where will you make it?" asked Marjorie eagerly; the idea of the little house was rather an exciting one.

"Down not far from the camp fire, and you shall help. We'll bring down

the peats a few at a time and stick them up. There's some big bits of driftwood on the shore that'll do for the roof; and you'll be as snug as a snail in its house, and it'll be about as tight a fit. I'll sleep outside by the camp fire and keep watch and guard," Jim concluded.

"Let's go and begin," said Marjorie, jumping up.

"Well, there's only one more thing I want to say," said Jim. "Listen, mate. I'd rather like to have a good look round—everywhere, you understand, cave and all. After all, as we're here——"

But this was too much for Marjorie. "Jim, I couldn't—not that haunted cave! I'd rather——"

"Nobody asked you to," returned Jim, a little impatiently. "We'll make the house first, and heap up the beacon; then you can wait up there, as safe as a safety match, until I get back."

"But——" Marjorie's eyes filled. "Suppose you never did. You might be killed, and then——"

"Gammon," declared Jim reassuringly. "It's not half a mile away. I'll just whip round, and you'll be able to see me nearly all the way."

"But not *all*," sobbed Marjorie; "for when you get inside the cave I shan't. I wouldn't mind your going one bit—at least not half so much—if we had the boat here, and could get away if— But——" Marjorie, who had been trying for two days to be brave, and had really succeeded very well so far, burst into sobs of very real terror.

"And it's nearly evening," she said.
 "And if——"

"Look here," said Jim, as patiently as he could; "listen to me. If we stay here for long we'll *have* to explore. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll not go to-night, as you're feeling a bit funky; I'll wait till to-morrow. But, if I do," he spoke impressively, "will you promise to be game about it, and not weep waterspouts and try to stop me?"

"All right," said Marjorie, already feeling ashamed of her recent display of cowardice, and also hoping against hope that the morrow might bring release before Jim should have time to carry out his plan.

"Then let's start on the house." Jim raced over the slope, followed by his companion. "It's just as well, perhaps," he added chivalrously, "to put it off, for we've loads to do."

And certainly the rest of the day was filled. First of all Marjorie's peat house had to be made, the peats being carried by twos and threes from one end of the island to the other until there were sufficient, to the captain's thinking, for building purposes. Then the work began in good earnest. Marjorie, an admiring and excited spectator, watched the gradual growing of three walls composed entirely of peats. The third side of the little house was left "to be door and window both," explained Jim; and for roof he fetched large pieces of driftwood to lie across the top of the whole and keep out the weather.

"There's a big bit over there—see, Jim!" said Marjorie, pointing towards

the farther end of the beach, when their stock of wood close at hand seemed to be exhausted.

"Fetch it, then," said Jim, hard at work on the roofing job,

Marjorie went off a little reluctantly. She had not traversed that part of the island as yet for a very good reason; in that direction lay the way to the haunted cave. She was ashamed of her recent tears, however, and Jim should not think her a funk again, she told herself; and she started off.

It took only a few minutes to reach the spot. She picked up the piece of driftwood and was proceeding to drag it back to the camp, when a strange object in the sand at her feet suddenly caught her eye.

(To be continued.)

A Knowing Dog.

A MAN who had patiently listened to some anecdotes of canine sagacity cleared his throat and related this remarkable story:—

There was a dog that made a practice of taking an afternoon nap on his master's bed. Having been chastised for displaying such poor manners, he resorted to the trick of jumping down when he heard steps approaching and of stretching out on the floor with an affected air of innocence. One day a hand placed on the bed revealed the warm place where he had been lying and established his guilt.

The next time his master entered the room he found the dog with his forepaws on the bed, blowing on the spot where he had been lying—to cool it.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 120. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **June 15.**

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for June.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write a paper (not to exceed 250 words) on the Miners' Strike and its effects upon the country.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Behead and curtail a city in Holland, rearrange the letters, and find scrutinized; a city in Italy, and find a number; a city in Spain, and find help; a city in Scotland, and find a sandy heap; a seaport in France, and find part of a stove; a city in England, and find tumultuous gatherings; a city in Italy, and find the abbreviation of one of the United States.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Tell in your own words the story of Jacob.
2. Describe Saul's (afterwards Paul) journey to Damascus.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of *Robin Hood and his Merry Men*, page 113.

MISSING VOWEL PUZZLE.

Take one vowel, and set it where it belongs among the following letters:

Slkyghmmrmrmehbtmstbrshpmd.

The line will then make complete sense.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a yacht in full sail, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of David and Jonathan.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter describing the flowers in a garden in June.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a rose, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for April.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Cyril Jones, Church of England School, Knowstone, South Molton. 2. James Wilson, 24 Castlereagh Road, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda Woor, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Gwen Highley, "Ratho," Conegra Road, High Wycombe; Doris Beach, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham; Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH STATESMEN.

1. Mary Fairbairn, 33 Tarvit Street, Edinburgh.
2. F. G. Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Our Prize List.

Honourable Mention.—Edwin Hammond and Ethel Evans, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

No competitor sent in the correct solution to this competition. The answers were: Gladstone, Asquith, Pitt, Walpole, Peel, Balfour, Disraeli, Salisbury, Chamberlain, Palmerston, and Rosebery.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Phyllis Child, Klosters, 69 Priory Avenue, High Wycombe. 2. Hugh Ross, 105 Causewayside, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Lucy Armstrong and Nellie Gregory, Minshull Vernon C. of E. School, near Crewe. James Fisher, 27 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh; John Dunn and Walter Bennett, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; John Aitken, 4 Garthland Place, Paisley.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Ruth Nicholls and Kitty Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Elsie Felton, Edwin Hammond, Evelyn Edwards, and Leslie Jarvis, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 2. Molly Forsyth, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Madge Read, Muriel Sykes, and Lawrence Pickard, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Ella Shields, 2 Swilly Terrace, Buncrana; and George Bennett, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

JUMBLED PROVERBS COMPETITION.

1. Mary Rundle, Tregavone Street, Merryn, Padstow, Cornwall. 2. Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; William Fulton, 8 Gleniffer Terrace, Johnstone; Edith Brann, Parade Manse, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare; J. Fraser Clyde, Royal Bank House, Johnstone; Ivy Hill, Knowstone School, South Molton; Leslie Lyon, 11 Lithos Road, South Hampstead, N.W.3.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts. 2. Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Olive Gray, 146 Donegal Pass, Belfast; Ella Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Fred Driver, 134 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Marie Whelan, Notre Dame Higher Grade School, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. 2. Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, Midhurst.

Honourable Mention.—Elsie Ross, Winifred Feber, and Alice Webster, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Roy Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

WRITING COMPETITION.

1. Catherine Cook, 55 Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh. 2. Cyril Jones, Knowstone School, South Molton.

Honourable Mention.—Harriet Cross and Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Rednal, Birmingham; Margaret Barron, 11 Chalmers Crescent, Corstorphine; Vera Haden, Leach Green Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Mabel Sandler, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Mary Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey.

Honourable Mention.—Frank Depper, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Noel Jones and Humphrey Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Annie Clay and Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Four Things to Do.

FOUR things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

June.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

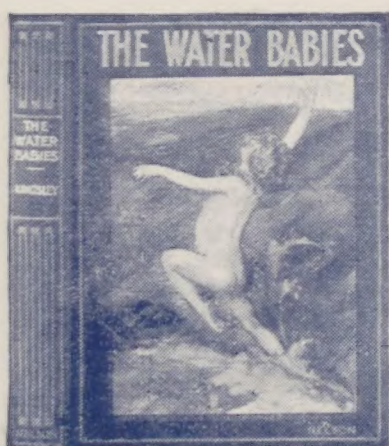
Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



"THE GOLDEN RIVER" SERIES

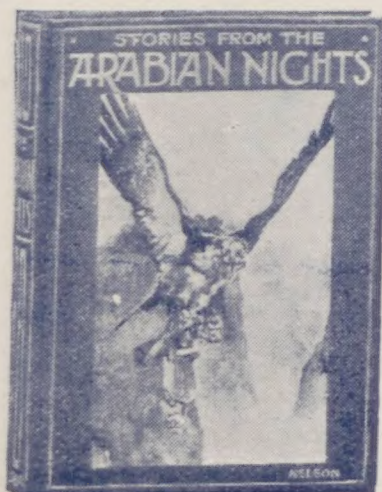
These delightful little books are immensely popular. They are well bound in Cloth, with Picture Side, have Coloured and other Pictures, and are printed in large readable type.



Each **2s.** net.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
WATER BABIES.
CHILDREN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.
CHILDREN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.
HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.
KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL.
DAVID AND EMILY.
LINDEN LEAF.

NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.
UNCLE REMUS.
JOHN HALIFAX'S BOYHOOD.
KINGSLEY'S HEROES.
STORIES FROM TENNYSON.
TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER.
UGLY DUCKLING.
DON QUIXOTE.



TALES FROM
SHAKESPEARE.
STORIES FROM SPENSER.
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.
COX'S GREEK STORIES.
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.
JOHN DIETRICH. THE SIX GIFTS.
ÆSOP'S FABLES. MOTHER GOOSE.
KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.

THE NELSON CHILDREN'S JOY BOOKS

A NEW LIBRARY FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

Cloth Covers, Gilt, 1s. 6d. net.

All the books have been written by experts in child literature, who know the kind of story that small children love, and possess the art of story-telling in language which is always simple and vivid.

Difficult words, long paragraphs and sentences, and all the other stumbling blocks to children have been avoided.

CAPTAIN BLUECOAT'S TALES FROM JAPAN. T. A. SPALDING.
A collection of quaint Japanese stories, mainly animal lore, told by an old sailor to three little children.

A CAT AND DOG LIFE. GLADYS DAVIDSON.
A cat and a dog in their old age tell one another the exciting adventures of their youthful days.

DICK AND HIS CAT. T. A. SPALDING.
Founded on the story of Dick Whittington, and told in very simple language.

THE ENCHANTED DOLL. MARK LEMON.
A romantic fairy tale in a mediæval setting.

THE GOLD THREAD. AMY STEEDMAN.
Norman Macleod's parable, "Eric and the Gold Thread," adapted.

MARGOT AND THE GOLDEN FISH. AMY STEEDMAN.
A pleasant story of Swiss life.

MR. VELVET PILE.
A story of the life of a mole, illustrating its habits.

MR. WHY AND MR. WHAT. BRENDA GIRVAN.
Stories of English customs and traditions, told to a little girl by two quaint old gentlemen.

MOUFFLOU. OUIDA.
The most delightful story of a faithful dog that has ever been told. Slightly adapted.

MOLLY'S BEDTIME STORIES. T. A. SPALDING.
Five animal stories of Eastern origin, told by a mother to her little girl.

OLD PETER'S RUSSIAN TALES. ARTHUR RANSOME.
These wonderful stories are told by an old Russian peasant to his two grandchildren. Mr. Arthur Ransome is the great authority on Russian folk-lore.

PRINCE TOTO'S QUEST. T. A. SPALDING.
A story of marvellous adventure, founded on an old Russian folk-tale.

PRINCESS ROSEBUD. T. A. SPALDING.
A fairy tale, suggested by "La Princesse Rosette," by Madame D'Auludy.

RIP VAN WINKLE. WASHINGTON IRVING.
The well-known story of the Sleeper, simplified.

SANCHO: A Tale of a Bad Bird. T. A. SPALDING.
The wonderful doings of a tame raven. Most of the incidents are true.

SLAVE AND HIS GOLDEN EGG. T. A. SPALDING.
The extraordinary adventures of a little waif, the result of certain fairy gifts. Founded on a tale by Edward Dulier.

STORY OF SINBAD THE SAILOR. T. A. SPALDING.
The well-known tale retold simply, with the unsuitable incidents omitted.

THE ZOO PARTY. GLADYS DAVIDSON.
The strange story of an entertainment given to a little girl by the animals in the Zoological Gardens.

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd. (incorporating T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd.),
LONDON AND EDINBURGH.